

MUTUAL
AGITATION

VALERIAN

Sequence

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Naming

In layman's terms:

I changed my name, because
the name I was given
was feminine, and
I wanted to be perceived as masculine.

In factual terms, I transitioned
from one person to another,
the name change signalled this.

On my terms,
I was taking agency.
changing the plotted course,
from what my elders saw for me
to what I see for us all.



Why should we let
people so comfortably
hate,
is our misery so
comforting?



Wings of Twigs and Stars

My son is hurting
and you can't seem to get in
your head, so are you.

He sits there – complacent
simmering, broiling
Soon it will envelope
what you know,
your pain.



You seem to be ignorant,
ignoring his tears.
*They pour down the streets,
and over your gravestone*

*As his cheeks flush grey,
clammy tornados brew in his palms.*

may he wipe you away?

*He will take the clouds
forming, and burrow his head
until nothing is to be heard*

'Carbon Cocoon'

My son will heal,
bound to his own
trajectory,
in your silence.



Evolved
Mossy webbed toes.
Rid of the parasites.
Free of their malice.

with a heart,
of oxygen and fossils.



It will be as though, we

Never knew

He never knew you.

A very full glass

Feminism,

misogyny,? sexism? I am with(in) you.

Although I no longer am part of the club,

You raised me,

nurtured

helped me become

the man I am today.

I am a feminist, I needed feminism to be able to exist,

I'm still. When I became the most I could;

I didn't anticipate

some left behind.

Men have to discuss the intricacies of what makes up feminism,

for this to happen we do too. When you live a reality,

whether you like it or not, it becomes life. This means to be

onboard with feminism, and conversational about the academics within it,

one may well not need prior intellectual 'warming up'.

Even men who follow the right mantras (e.g. "support all victims"),

may still stumble when trying to not only be an ally, but be anti-douchbag.



Memorable Night to Forget

Lights were flashing, I couldn't help but look at them

The siren shines as another cold day starts.

is it fresh light or just the same ones repeating?

That keeps screaming at me,

never seem to give it a response,

The lights keep flashing, I just keep looking.



Heavy Eyelids Out on Loan as Lightweight

Her shoes are filled with battery acid.

It won't be dark forever, but that's never stopped me from closing my eyes.

You have always been good at startling me awake.

Shoes are filled with batter.

not just a singular thing you do keeps me from closing them again,
or shutting them harder.

Each time you shake me,
each time you keep going till my eyes start to open.

Shoes acid, full.

Sometimes, you don't catch it the moment my lids droop

you always seem to put the sunup before I can get to the hallway.



A Lullaby

Letters-from-my-past-selves,
No-consistent-format,
Sprawled-over-distractions from-the lives-I'd-of-ough'ta,
I can't even remember; are-these-poems-or-just-his-secrets

When-I-look-closer to-the pages
crimson-words, in-cursive,
and-bold,

or-maybe-with-doodles-and-tiny-letters
Somehow-convinced that-made-lies-any-bet-ter

So-small, covered-in-lint,-floof-and-jumpers
no-finished-thoughts, just-suggestions and-reflect-ion.

When I try to take meaning,
the text starts to brand me
The metal sinks right in, this wound's been here before,

Fucking jesus christ,
I wish I was the neighbours next door.



Nameless

Worry you'll never rest like a baby again?

You don't know why?

Get your baby first-aid certified, TODAY!

Down at Jimmy's-

I was born into a burning house.

it was not the world that was on fire,

it was just us.

'For better or for worse',

I knew that

even at the beginning mark.

If I wish to be as happy as I was,

when I wish to be back then-

Oh to wish to be as happy as I was

when I was younger, but

wanting to be back then,

wishing to be confused and fruitlessly hopeful.

or unrightfully hopeless instead.

At least not that burning house again.

Skunks paradise!

I so badly want to worry about not ever
being as happy as I once was as a child.

,but the truth is I was born into a burning house.

And it very quickly became painfully obvious

it was not the world that was on fire; it was just us.

I so badly want to wish to be as happy as I was

when I was younger, but

when I wish to be back then,

it's wishing to be confused and fruitlessly hopeful.

And I'd rather be unrightfully hopeless

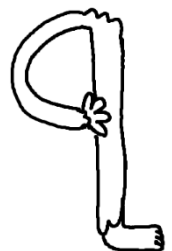
than be in a burning house again.



The dirt that is

The dirt that is my brain
The worms willingly wiggle through,
the dirt that is
Moving, stimulating,
Consuming, squashing
only dirt!

Space for nourishment,
nutrients,
The flowers in my dirt
sprout. So my (the)
seeds get pollinated:



Emulsifying

I could engage with the world for dopamine, or I could retreat.
I'm conceited,

Everything revolves around me
(Although, I do believe that should be
and that others are).

yet my lists of inspiration grow,
and grow, the passing seedz
realise their neglect
– actualise themselves despite.

I want to live in a world of variety,
not of industries.

Lacking balance of being hopeful
and indulging in fantasy.

as time passes
so do I, or versions of myself.

I am in-tune with my inner voice. x3

I am a distinct being, separate to my brain or consciousness. x3

I am a distinct being, separate to my brain or consciousness.

I am a distinct being, separate to my brain or consciousness.

I am a distinct being, separate to my brain or consciousness.



How many sins, could a Sin-chuck chuck

Spent my brothers money,
I felt guilt.
I bought my first car.
I felt responsible.
I smoked weed in a playpark,
i felt guilt.

My friend needed bail,
felt urgent.
Some kids reminded
unfortunate memories.
I was responsible.

I will be a piece in the puzzle of social change.
I am guilt.

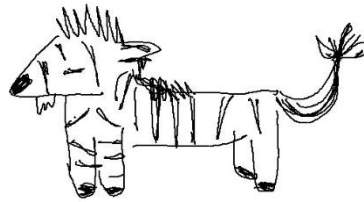


Zebra Print

The palettes are falling apart
putting the rug on top does hide that!

When unforeseen weather comes
about the rug offsets
the consequences to
things around it. The palettes

are still falling apart.
Seemingly; so is the rug.



I Wanna Howl at the Moon

I've been playing a game recently,

I figured out how to, consistently, get by in it
which is good because I don't really want to play.
It's fun sometimes, everyone loves winning.

A friend is really good at playing games,
I often wonder the honest sum
of their point enjoyment.

I could do the season, then squeeze everything else in,
forget my keys behind my sofa,

or I could be content.

That's easier than living content,
doing so smoothly.
That's an elusive trait,
a glimmer in some's eye.



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or my wonderful lover and companion, jope.*

Shoutout to Teresian for the feedback, and for creating opportunities for trans voices.

Hello, to whoever's kind soul is reading this.

*Let me lay my brain out for you,
it's all water under the bridge anyway.*



*I appreciate the universe for getting me here,
and the look on anyone's face who tries to stop me.*